[ficlet] Human AU: Failed.

• Mar. 10th, 2011 at 12:05 AM

Title: Human AU: Failed.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel +/ Raphael.
Word Count: 783 words.
Summary: Raphael shows up, unluckily for Gabriel.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt failed being used for this one. Five down, twenty-five to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Raphael wakes up (since when does he *wake up*) to the sound of an argument. He can't make out what they're saying, but the sound of anger is something familiar to him.

There's suddenly silence, and more words, and then Raphael cannot help but flinch as light floods his vision and then he is falling, landing heavily on the ground. He *hurts*, and he knows that whoever was arguing, they heard him, as there are the sound of footsteps.

Then he's not paying attention any more, as he realizes that he hurts, that he's struggling for air and most importantly he cannot hear Heaven. There is a hand on his shoulder, helping to bring him to his feet, but he wants to fall back down and pray, as he is human and that cannot be right, cannot be reality.

It is Gabriel's voice that brings him back to focus.

"I expect a freakout in three...two..."

Raphael focuses his gaze on the person holding him upright, and there it is: he can't tell if it's an angel or not, can't tell the difference between human faces well at all, but he knows that voice.

"Gabriel?" He asks.

"Oh, hell," Gabriel says, and pushes him to sit on the couch. "Raphael."

Another human(?) joins Gabriel's side, and Raphael can't stop himself from tensing up, barely knows how to control this body without the aid of Grace to ease his adjustment to limbs and nerves instead of something else entirely.

"You shouldn't swear," the other human tells Gabriel, and Raphael gives up on trying to understand the situation. How is Michael here? How is Gabriel here? Michael isn't working with Gabriel, is he? Surely not.

"I can swear all I want, Michael. If any situation warrants swearing, it's this one." Gabriel protests. "I know you don't care, but I did *not* need to see Raphael turn up in the nude

today."

And Raphael is naked, he knows that now. Humans wore clothes, didn't they? He studies himself, and he knows this form: it's the vessel he was using, would use again if he came to Earth.

Suddenly there's fabric in his hands, and he looks up.

"That's a blanket, and you're going to be cold in a minute if you don't wrap up," Gabriel says. "Before you strangle me or something, talk to Michael. I'm not up for this."

Raphael knows very little about this situation, but he's figured out that this isn't an illusion - and that means that he's sitting in front of Gabriel and Michael.

That means he heard them arguing a minute ago.

That means he can act on the anger that blooms inside of him every single time he thinks of Gabriel.

He lunges, aware of how to fight as a human, suddenly glad for the Apocalypse giving him a chance to wear human form so he is prepared for now.

Raphael doesn't hear whatever Gabriel says, wraps his fingers around Gabriel's throat and squeezes, as hard as he can, aware that the throat is one of the vulnerable parts of humans.

Gabriel grabs at his hands and makes a noise, some wordless cry of pain, but Raphael doesn't let go. He has a chance to end this *now*, and strange situation or not he wants Gabriel dead.

Then the pain catches up with him. Gabriel's grip on his wrists *hurts*, and he is still sore (from his recent travel, he supposes) and Gabriel is able to force his hands off of his neck, even as he gasps for breath.

"...l...lucky for me none of you know how to handle pain yet." Gabriel coughs, pushing Raphael back into the couch again, somehow able to restrain him even as Raphael tries to fight back. "Yo, Michael, wanna help? Seeing as I'm the only one here who can cook..." There's something unspoken there, Raphael can tell that much, but he can't focus on that, not when there's the fresh pain of Michael touching his shoulder and saying;

"Stop this."

Raphael does, like a puppet cut from its strings, and falls back against the couch. Gabriel backs up, brushing himself off and breathing, and for all of Raphael's anger he can't defy Michael.

There is one thing he can do, one thing he knows is unique among the entire host: "Why?"

Michael shakes his head, declining to answer, and Raphael as always respects that. He sits back and studies his hands, wondering at his situation.

"Michael, you explain it." Gabriel says. "I'll get him some clothes."

Raphael looks up at Michael, glad that Gabriel is giving them some space (removing the temptation to defy orders and attack him again) and waits for an explanation.

Previous | Next